Hugo Noël Santander Ferreira was born in Bucaramanga, Colombia, in 1968. Hymns to Jesus describes his mystical experience by mandate of Jesus, who on June 1, 2011 anointed him Prophet to judge the living and the dead. King of Kings sings of his experiences in 2022, when the Holy Trinity revealed to him that he is the reincarnation of the apostle Peter. Hugo is also director of five feature films and the author of more than seventy books of short stories, novels, theatre and philosophy.

Between mountains, cities and deserts of the soul, a voice crosses history and pronounces the name of Christ.

In these songs to Jesus appear the joy of children, the meekness of creatures, the fidelity of saints and the hope that blossoms after the combat and the victory of a prophet who celebrates the omnipotence of God in every creature. The poetic word becomes here prayer and song, polished through visions, memories and encounters in which the divine presence illuminates daily life.

Each page opens a landscape where earth and heaven meet: souls and men, temptation and prophecy, the serene suffering of an anointed one and glory. On that horizon Christ appears with His burning heart, calling all nations and all generations to participate in the truth.

Hymns to Jesus celebrate the beauty of the created world and the mystery of the love and word that sustain it, inviting the reader to contemplate history as a pilgrimage toward fullness.

HYMNS TO JESUS

The Anointing of the Judge of the Living and the Dead

Hugo Noël Santander Ferreira

Hymns to Jesus

The Anointing of the Judge of the Living and the Dead

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To the Virgin Mary, Mother of God

To you, in a sick and cruel world,
where spiritual deception is common,
from unfounded fears of death,
you came down to lead me
back to my beloved Lord,
who granted me theopneustia,
the gift of transcribing the voice of God.

Through you, my soul finds divine inspiration,
and by Heavenly Grace exalts
my voice where wisdom rhymes.
Through verses and metaphysics,
the voice of Heaven descends and reveals itself,
when I write, drawing near to you,
my pen is exalted in your glory.

Nothingness is real, and it's a sea of light

— Robert Penn Warren

Prologue

In Hymns to Jesus. The Anointing of the Judge of the Living and the Dead, Petrus Romanus — the pseudonym of Hugo Noël Santander Ferreira — offers us a song that resounds with the voice of the divine: 'Sing, Jesus, God, Son of Man!' Through ardent and contemplative verses, anointed as a prophet by the Holy Trinity at the command of Jesus, the poet leads us toward an encounter with eternity. This work, both mystical testament and prophetic dialogue, interweaves the human and the divine in an intense communion, where the poet speaks in God and God speaks in the poet, their voices merging in the transforming love of faith.

Rooted in the tradition of mystical literature — from Meister Eckhart to Teresa of Ávila and John of the Cross — Ferreira's poetry passes through the vanities of the material world — fame, money, power — to raise us toward the mysteries of the sacred. His verses restore the divine to living experience and invite the reader to move from daily wounds to the fullness of reciprocated love.

Jesus emerges in these pages as an active presence: judge and savior, justice and mercy. His call is historical: to establish the Kingdom of Heaven on earth through inner conversion and creative fidelity to the Gospel. The prophetic mission entails pointing out, in love, what departs from the light.

Among the poems stands the meditation on a storical turning point: April 11, 2012. From that date ıward, global statistics record a drastic and sustained ecline in earthquake-related deaths. Consolidated data om independent institutions — such as the U.S. eological Survey and the databases compiled in Our 'orld in Data — confirm an approximate 91% reduction the annual average thereafter, despite isolated high- ıpact events. The poem integrates this reality into its eological vision: God does not promise in vain. And story offers signs that an attentive heart knows how to ad.

The work is also a spiritual chronicle. Paris, Madras hennai, the 'City of the Mother of God,' where the postle Thomas bore witness to his faith), Bogotá, and her places become settings of a radical experience. isions, trials, silences, and revelations traverse the ıthor's life, who presents himself more as an instrument reconciliation than as a protagonist.

The Virgin Mary runs through the collection like a minous thread. Mother of those who suffer, intercessor ıd guide, she accompanies the return to Christ and apes the poet's heart. Her presence is not ornamental: it origin and path, consolation and strength.

Universality is one of the distinctive traits of this ork. Written in Spanish and sung in multiple languages, ugo Noël's poetry embraces the spiritual and the

historical, the metaphysical and the concrete. In it, faith enters into dialogue with the events of the world, and meter becomes testimony.

In an age that reduces existence to chance and calculation, Hymns to Jesus affirms the centrality of love, moral responsibility, and active hope. Each poem calls the reader to examine conscience and rediscover the ultimate meaning of life.

More than a book, this work is a proclamation: eternity breaks into history, and the human heart is called to recognize it.

Leyla Tobías de Santander
Sincelejo, Colombia

Sing, Jesus, God, Son of Man

Sing, Jesus, God, Son of Man,
sing in my Castilian tongue,
once vast in the breadth of its renown,
now a cemetery of shattered porcelain.

There lies Calderón, The Great Theatre of the World,
where beggar and king lament their roles,
his Constant Prince who chose to die
rather than yield to the sinister tyrant.

There stands Tirso de Molina and his Commander,
a righteous man whose soul was challenged
by Don Juan, model of rogues,
who summon the spirits that destroy them.

The Pilgrim in His Homeland, by Lope de Vega,
a guest of the world for a brief journey,
who receives death with rejoicing
to return to God, his true dwelling.

There Teresa converses with Christ
as I do within these verses;
a certainty that still flickers in India:
wise is he who constantly seeks God.

There Saint John of the Cross weds Christ
to teach us that love
is the communion of sincere intentions.
There Quevedo, Fray Luis, and María of Ágreda.

From Your word I chose
the voice of Solomon, and in the desert
of science and philosophy
I took up again Your example with resolve.

I dreamed of temples and narrow streets,
and we set sail through ports and cities,
son of a schoolteacher
who instructs the poets of the world.

And I chose of You what few still believed:
Your resurrection, Your omnipresence,
Your dominion over heaven and hell,
Your return at the end of the world.

And if once I fell in rushing torrents,
when doubting I denied You three times,
today we walk upon lava
to judge those who condemned You.

Today You are praised as of old
by the one You made Your prophet
in the barren gardens of deception,
in the soulless trunk of my Age.

Why have you cast Me out of your life?

In two thousand ten I traveled to France;
the visa required by India
to teach film was denied me:
prejudices kept delaying my departure.

What should have been a three-day formality
extended into months of agony;
bureaucrats frustrated the contract,
I sold my apartment to survive.

Desperate, I prayed to the Virgin
of the shrine of the Miraculous Medal;
to Madras You sent me on my birthday,
in two thousand ten, in the Father's age.

For in the soul unfold three sacred ages:
the Father's fire, the Son's redeeming light,
the Spirit's breath that sends the word to nations
and calls me to the forgotten fields of Eden.

April marked the end of classes,
and in a tower I was isolated by teachers
who said among themselves: ‘He is American,
he will lose heart and leave.’

But it was God who was calling me!
I felt the world's growing contempt
and an urgent call to write my life,
to recount how, in every land, God protected me.

One night, from the adjoining room,
I heard You calling me, like Samuel.
Three times I saw nothing but emptiness,
until I found Your abandoned image.

'Why do you remove Me from your life?'
I realized that for the first time
I was living without a cross
or image of Jesus Christ in my room.

The icon of Your Sacred Heart
shone with a radiance I had never known,
and I noticed Your blond hair,
Your blue eyes, Your skin like mother-of-pearl.

Your bleeding Heart blazed forth, and I replied:
But You were not in Galilee as they portray You there.'
Gently You admonished me: 'Do not judge Me
by My face; judge Me by My heart.'

'Have compassion on your brothers,' You added,
'they no longer know how to govern; they stray.'
Repentant, at Your feet I sobbed:
how could I judge by appearances?

Philosophers and Poets

Transcendent questions are said to be unfathomable,
without proof or answer for infra-human logic;
with Kant, metaphysics seems to collapse,
or, like persecuted Hecuba, a slave to tyrants.

On a solitary and grievous Friday night,
the Holy Spirit opened my hidden third eye,
and in a single flash I beheld the arcana,
the secrets of the universe and its esoteric pulsations.

An infinite pain expanded through my chest,
and instantly healed into sublime joy:
—It is the pulse of life— proclaimed the gods,
revealing their essence dwelling in God Himself.

Universal substance, without form or gender;
in the Qur'an, Father, Christ and the Virgin Mary,
a triad which Allah transcends, the One Eternal God;
which for the Christian is the Most Holy Trinity:

Father, Son and Spirit, consubstantial mystery,
God made manifest as man in Jesus Christ.
The following day, while writing in silence
about remote persecutions of the Kyrgyz,

I felt another ethereal presence beside my desk:
men who in silence celebrated my lines.
They were Socrates and Dante, followed by Plato,
Aristotle and Sylvia Plath, Shakespeare, Beckett and
Shaw;

hundreds of souls in grace embraced me then,
voices that since childhood had conversed with me.
Philosophers and poets who, in eternal vigil,
I revive in my theater-text 'The Symposium of Arcadia.'

None ever explained the cause of their joy;
yet I knew that, like them, I had reached the summit:
the divine knowledge that Jung discerned as diffused,
that which only noble souls may attain.

Each one is a vertical axis

Each one is a vertical axis,
each one an island set aside;
and You, inexhaustible, matriarchal way,
who grants all that is longed for.

A happiness stolen from Eden,
from the game with the laughing child,
who fell one afternoon on a platform;
in Oporto You clothed him in white.

You are a sublime sunset, of clouds
kindled like crystal altars,
over Greenwich, golden harbor,
our home after sailing from Portugal.

On the banks of the Douro You entrusted the city to me;
a distant fado in my documentary,
Ilhas de Porto, voice of the forsaken,
the universe contained in an unexpected embrace.

It was You who, in German class,
inspired me to say: 'Ich bin aus der Welt';
when they asked where I was from,
it was the Cold War, and I said I was of the whole world.

My *Lehrerin* smiled, unsettled;
my classmates celebrated my pantheism,
beloved ones eternity will restore:
it was nineteen eighty-six.

Being who chose to be all beings
to embody His own creation,
even in those who forget
that dissolving the ego is to recover God.

Love: whoever entrusts himself to You
finds prayer alive, defense against the wicked.
Compassion that corrects doubt,
like that of the Sea of Galilee and its storm.

The Sword of Truth He Always Wielded

He was a prophet, and from the mountain
his people discerned from afar,
he praised or rebuked them without guile
in verses they secretly resented.

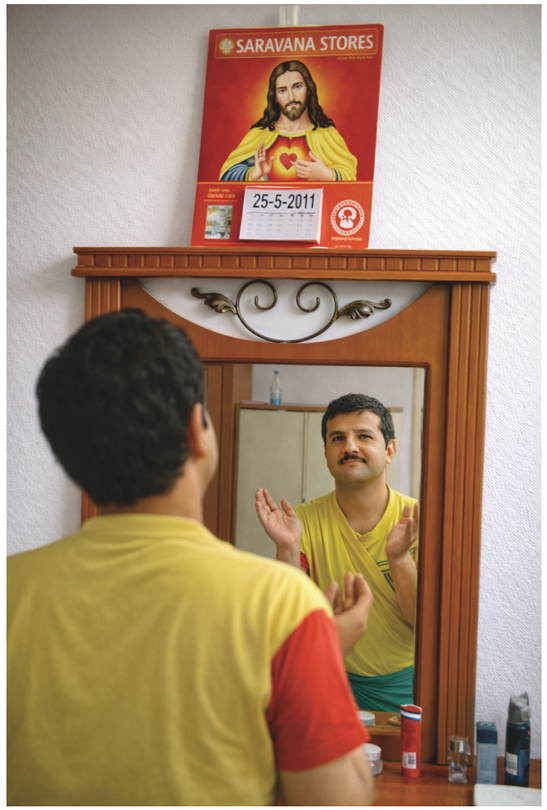
‘Strive for truth, study,
and act without forsaking justice;
toward those who love you or who hate you,
never cease to denounce injustice.

Thus the world shall be yours,
as today it is Mine.’

Unbelievers accused him of sins
for accepting those who accepted him
in an age of hypocrisy and contempt.

It wounded them to see him depart for new continents,
fall and rise to begin again.
‘You can reinvent the world,’
he said, forging dreams they destroyed.

At last they seized him and cast him into a pit,
to wound him with stones from the road—
an offense that shall stir tremors
when God brings him into His dominion.



Seeing him alive, they regrouped
and denounced him before the Romans,
who ordered that he die in an ‘accident’:
‘We will not allow a new Calvary.’

Did they not see—while the angels of the Lord
rewrote chance to guard him—
how the powerful, driven by lies,
devised ‘accidents’ from which he escaped?

Unable to recognize the grace of God,
they caricatured him as a villain of the hour;
as they did Christ with the demon in Israel,
boasting that darkness overcomes the light.

Three years later, in lands restrained,
heaven and earth delivered their seals:
the Sword of Truth he always wielded,
for since childhood the Holy Spirit dwelt within him.

Would Not a New Religion Be Better?

Another night a mighty voice
told me that I would heal the sick
and that the crowds would worship me.
'Why do you love Jesus so much?' it asked.

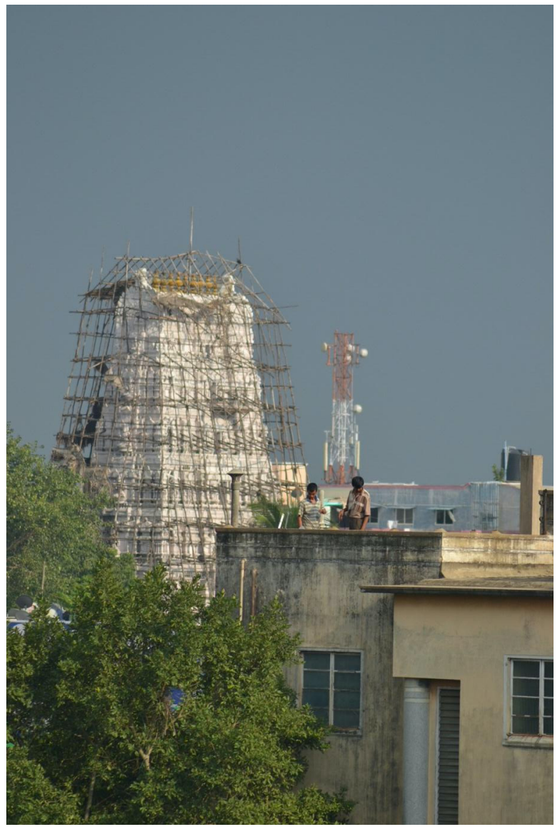
'Would not a new religion be better?
The churches are empty — you saw it.
In Paris, where they reproached you
for venerating the church of Montmartre.

You did not go only to admire its architecture,
but to pray to Mary and the saints.
Did a guard humiliate you for taking your photo?
For not reading a tiny sign on the wall?

With science religions come to an end.
Do you not see pastors with private jets?
Do you not see the Pope's luxury in his palaces?
Why be poor when you are already King?'

For an instant I considered its offer,
and my soul was torn, frozen,
like the Virgin Mary's sorrow when she saw
Joseph believing she had deceived him.

'Never!', I cried, stricken.
'I will never abandon my Jesus',
I added, reciting gentle Bach,
even if all wound my heart.



Slapped, Who Gave His Other Cheek

I am the builder, a mold of clay,
maker of altars and of battering rams,
slapped, who gave his other cheek
seventy-seven times seven.

They expected another smiling Pope,
another saint secluded unto death,
another Jesuit struck down for unmasking them,
and never the one who bent them with his faith.

He who sang of his loves and passions
before scientists and unbelieving monks.
He who attained his transcendent Being
by being a disciple of His divinity.

Dust that chose to live without fear
with the ideas God granted him.
He who was saved by the saints,
by the love that was his refuge.

The receiver of all offenses,
who today acts with temperance
toward the unjust and mischievous beasts,
who prays for their despair.

My heart is an open altar.
I am the one who forgave his brothers
when they offered me poison,
witness and beholder of the stars.

Angel of Canada and America,
Tsar of Portugal, Turkey, and Russia,
voice of England, citizen of France.
Crucified, dead, and risen in Colombia.

Your Compassion Has Been My Virtue

Your compassion has been my virtue,
an intention Kant once deemed too light
yet to which he appealed in his old age.
None of Your prayers shall be in vain.

And I spoke without vanity or restraint
to concealed conspirators;
alone against cunning elites,
salt in a land of flatterers.

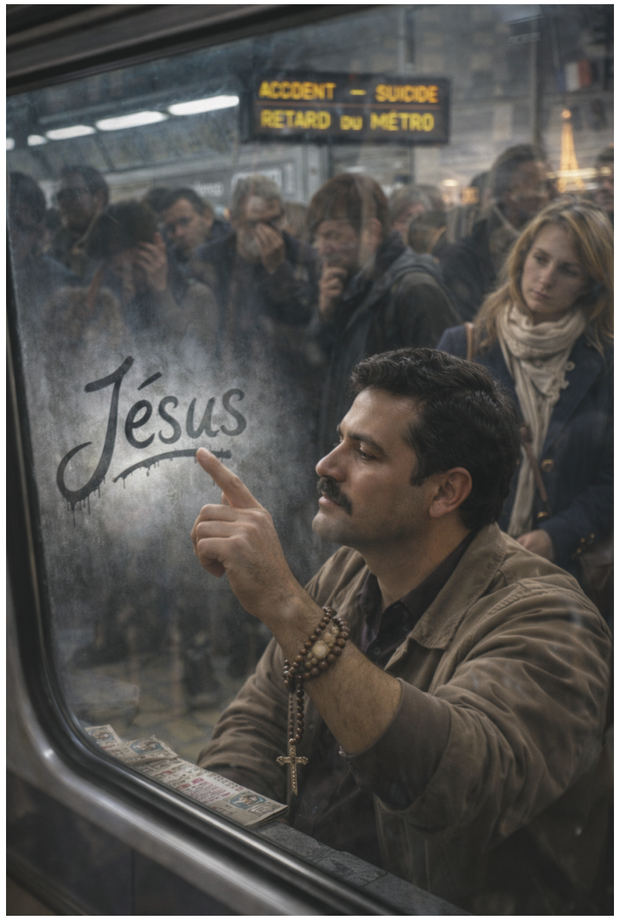
My destiny was, a politician told me,
that of a poet shipwrecked at sea,
of prey to be broken by beasts;
yet I already knew the jungle and the sea were Yours.

I simply believed in the Gospels,
and when I was invited to conspire
I angrily refused, unable to prevent
their self-condemnation and their victim's fall.

Thus I was banished from city to city,
so that You might grant me new lands.
There were temptations, but chance — Your aegis —
drew me away by altering my words.

You also corrected me until You anointed me prophet,
and like You I healed the sick and calmed storms:
I interceded for Fukushima, and You listened;
to those I loved You granted long life.

If you suffer injustice, I wrote at ticket windows,
press your chest to Jesus, whatever your nation;
let your tears mingle with His.
They announced another suicide in the Paris metro.



I Fear Losing You to the Pressure of a World

The days of solitude in God passed by,
and my being heard a song again and again,
clinging to metaphors whose meaning
I would behold after my sublime epiphany.

You keep of me the image of my wounded heart,
the one that now rests upon your wardrobe;
the meals with which I bless your table each day,
and my first calls of April.

Are you not astonished that I called you three times?
My voice dissolves into your skepticism;
nor do you expect that I might manifest before you
the love I profess to you from silence.

If I spoke to you with articulated voice,
I would shatter the dogmas preached about me;
yet only to grant you the joy of hearing me
I would embrace demons tamed before you.

I fear losing you to the pressure of a world
that presumes me dead, though I govern
the course of its days; my heart bleeds
because they no longer believe in their own eternity.

Why do they insist on seeing me crucified
and not also risen? I suffer
for those who believe in me and suffer for me,
like you, exiled from so many nations.

So many lose faith in my veiled working,
and you have preserved it for decades;
I shall speak with you without further delay.
Let the world know that I chose you.

So many pray to me only in times of sorrow;
f I do not speak to you, worldly philosophies will draw
you away
into the pleasures your verses will procure for you;
I shall descend in glory, and all India shall know.

In Job I already warned that I require no explanations:
I have conquered death and am immune to fire;
your soul shines amid the darkness of your age,
you shall suffer no more from my apparent absence.

My Sacred Heart dies on paper
or on wood from weariness and fear;
without the faith of those who prefer me to Maya,
hus they deem me distant when I call them three times.

In Judging Men and Their Creed

And it was a single Being who came,
moved by a feeling for his foes.
Descent and ascent that encompassed
comedies, loves, and failures.

A Being who chose to abandon all memory,
protagonist of the possible, dethroned,
pleased in his fall or in his glory,
Satan redeemed and God condemned.

Manifold in all and in me,
a child who began his game.
The yoke I renounced for you,
alpha of light, omega of fear.

Know this! Satan is complete ignorance,
eternal fall through the contraction of the ego;
and God, absolute wisdom, the Whole
in which he who scorns the ego is dissolved.

I did not see Him, I did not hear Him, I felt Him:
the most agonizing and solitary pain
and the most sublime and loving ecstasy.
Thus I knew that suffering is the path to Eden.

After a few days
I asked myself about the meaning of my books,
narratives of my humiliations and triumphs.
And the voice of God resounded in my mind:

'In judging men and their creed,
take the shells of what you have lived
and melt them in the forges of Toledo
so that they may know that we exist.'

There the Arians denied the Trinity
until the Visigoth king Reccared
was moved by the Word and saw the Father in Jesus,
as you shall see Him immersed in these embers.

I left Tamil and recovered my tongue,
forged by mystics in its millennial capital
into the sentences I have written ever since,
a heavenly treasury I unsheathe from my forge.

I Anoint You My Prophet

I listen to the Requiem of Tomás Luis de Victoria
for a calling within my soul,
while I write a chapter
of A Kyrgyz Spring.

That cloudless midday
was the first of June, 2011.
A flutter resounded at the window;
I rose and saw white doves.

Behind them, a ladder of clouds
descended from the zenith to my window.
It stretched into infinity.
I noticed the birds gazing intently
toward something or someone behind me.

I returned to my room and saw nothing.
Suddenly, I heard a sweet and loving voice:
‘For your love of My precepts,
through forty years,’ He said,
‘I grant you all My blessings
and anoint you My prophet
to judge the living and the dead.’

My soul — not I —
immediately recognized my Lord,
and, falling to my knees, I cried:
‘Why me, if I am a sinner?’
Remembering so many venerated saints.

And His answer was simple and persuasive,
like the one I had already heard days before:
‘I do not judge you by your deeds,’ He consoled me,
‘but by the intentions of your heart.’

And You Entrusted Him with a Voice of Fire

Like Enoch, You took him from the Andes
to the lakes of Europe, Asia, and America,
across the Milky Way, Frankfurt, and the Alps,
from Pondicherry to the paths of Homer.

And You entrusted him with a voice of fire
to one who asked whether sin
was not his indifference to falsehood,
his longing for a hastened end.

Already in the mosque of Córdoba,
You forged his antitheses, one by one—
the ecstasy embraced by all creation,
the womb of religions and their nemesis.

From childhood he proclaimed the truth to all,
even against his will; neither the whip,
nor unemployment, nor the knife
could silence a voice that was Yours.

One by one, sins besieged him,
and everywhere he manifested his tenderness.
He harmed no one and loved unto death,
even those who harmed him.

My soul knew that my Lord Jesus Christ
would speak with me for half an hour,
and His presence irrigated my prayers:
those of Fátima, Lourdes, and Guadalupe.

‘I suffer more than you,’ He answered me

The King of Kings conversed with me.
I, presumptuous dust, within my chamber,
for thirty minutes heard my Master,
from whom I learned that justice prevails.

‘Take me with You,’ I humbly pleaded,
‘I live oppressed by so much deceit.’
‘I suffer more than you,’ He answered me,
‘for not having you at My side.’

‘Many trials you shall endure for years,
yet I will always be there with you.’
Caressing my afflicted soul,
He took my hand and seated me beside Him.

Like Saint Teresa, I felt peace—
the infinite bliss of reaching God.
‘Do not suffer any longer
by holding yourself back from life,’
and He embraced me as His most beloved apostle.

I did not see Him, yet He was within me.
I did not hear Him, yet we thought as one.
Why did I ignore Him for so long?
‘Proclaim that I converse with every soul.’

He told me that loving is no offense
if it is given in surrender and mutual consent;
that one must not yearn in anxious longing, for all comes
in time—
and I became one with the Messiah, one in God.

God the Father, Yahweh, Allah in all His splendor

I leaned out of my window, and the wind caressed me
like the treetops that were singing in the branches;
for the first time I felt its voice, its joy
for having witnessed Christ descend.

Jesus had departed, yet not only His joy,
but also His word remained within me;
a fifteen-year apprenticeship began,
at the end of which my will would be His.

And in the air throbbed the supreme omnipresence:
–What do you desire?— Yahweh spoke to me from the clouds.
I saw that gurus in that tower had relegated me
so that I might confront that inexplicable force alone.

–I want to see, — said my soul; innocent, I thought of my eyes of flesh.
—So be it—; and I knew it would be their souls:
no man would hide from me his thoughts any longer;
thus I perceive in each what is most intimate.

Thus, in the year two thousand eighteen, I escaped the snare
that skeptical journalists had laid for me,
calling my faith an inherited bondage;
but the faith and eternity of my words blinded them.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit consecrated me
with the supreme gift to judge the living and the dead;
and thus I refuted the Arians who objected
that, upon knowing Leyla, I asked for her hand.

For in all my journeys beneath the sky
never did I behold a woman's soul so pure:
my wife Leyla, my confidante, who shares
the soul of Mary, as I share that of the Risen Jesus.

But the Diseases Shall Come

Vos dispersistis gregem meum et eiecistis eos, et non visitastis eos; ecce ego visitabo super vos malitiam studiorum vestrorum, ait Dominus.

— Jeremiah 23:2

‘I will abandon the false shepherds’, He told me,
‘those who tried to turn you from the Truth’.
And I saw the men and women of this land
with whom I had shared so many days.

Then I read the Bible and felt a déjà vu:
on September eleventh of the year two thousand one
I also heard the wrath of the Creator
against the government that bombed Iraq.

In May, in Chicago, a university
hired me for a script they praised
and which, through the intrigues of two lecturers, they
cancelled.
In Manchester I said: ‘Thy will be done’.

I was writing my treatise of Global Metaphysics,
Being God, when the telephone rang:
'There are bombs in New York', said my companion.
I imagined an attack, but not a mortal one.

I was writing that we live simultaneous infinities
when again she asked me to look
at what was happening live on television.
I dismissed her and went on reasoning with Zeno.

Her third call forced me to answer:
'Judy begs you to inform her', she said anxiously,
'they have bombed the Pentagon'.
I turned on the news: I saw the towers fall.

I recalled my introspection of that morning
and, acknowledging my former hardness
toward those who had thwarted my career,
I prayed for them, as I then prayed for India.

I maintained they did not lack nobility.
In my arduous defense I fell into a deep slumber.
Upon waking, the buildings were moving:
it was Shiva's wrath when the Lord withdraws.

But the cries of the women moved me.
'For Your blessings, Lord, return', I pleaded.
And the blocks of concrete grew still,
like the waves of Capernaum after the storm.

'I now withdraw from those who despise me'.
'But they are my generation, Lord', I implored.
'The earthquakes shall diminish', He consoled me,
'but the diseases shall come'.

I published it on my social networks,
where it became an object of mockery among nuncios
and prelates,
and among media that preferred to exalt seers
who said they had foretold it first.

In Israel They Already Saw You Walk with Me

In Israel they already saw You walk with me;
upon Your breast You longed for me.
In this century, You, the wisest and most prudent,
with whom since childhood in my room I conversed.

I know that in Your love You protect those who love You
as much as those who despise us.
Today my voice no longer hides You: it cries out,
and witnesses and conspirators attest it.

From when I quarreled beneath the birches
against a rival boy whom I defeated,
and by Your precept resolved not to punish him
—even if they struck me, I would never avenge myself—

to my waiting in the Elysian fields,
when I aided my most bitter enemy
only to endure her cunning reprisal:
in such trials You were preparing my consecration.

'Deliver as the world would not deliver,'
the swift clouds of Manchester told us
after in Oporto they cast us overboard
from our Portuguese caravel at Your feet.

And thus the same pattern for fifty years:
to keep Your precepts and be prey to intrigues,
to suffer persecutions, attacks and exile,
to be favored, in the end, with a greater destiny.

Proofs of the Waning of Earthquakes

If you doubt, my brother, these testimonies,
and science pulls you from the truth's embrace,
survey through numbers the domains I govern:
I will recount the dead the earth has laid to waste.

Before two thousand thirteen we lived the nightmare
of a planet by earthquakes driven wild:
seven hundred sixty-seven thousand fell
from two thousand two—a grim and fateful legacy.

Until God granted me His forgiveness,
in anguish before a merciless decree,
seventy-seven thousand each year were lost,
a wretched average of agony.

And after April eleventh, two thousand twelve,
God took pity; the mourning was allayed:
Read! Nearly ninety-seven thousand have died
in fourteen years, by tremors waylaid.

Ninety-one percent fewer—
the earth rests, heeding every word.
Announce them! weeping, it cries to the species
this generation hurls toward extinction.

Sixty-eight percent less
if you average since nineteen hundred;
from twenty-one thousand to seven thousand per year,
mercy after the wrath of the Creator. [1]

And the pandemic came, just as foretold,
a chastening we thank the Creator for:
natural ills are no misfortune;
for immortals, death is but a door.

God corrects injustice through death,
destroys falsehoods and fatal wrongs,
stands above rich and poor alike,
spurns fame, money, and the worldly throngs.

The Maya in their calendar proclaimed it,
their astrologers carved out their end,
for foreseeing the yoke of the conquerors,
they chose collective eternity to ascend.

These figures are based on consolidated scientific databases (USGS; NGDC/WDS; Our World in Data, updated to 2025). Long-term global average (1900–2013): ~21,200 deaths per year. Recent rage (April 2013–2025): ~6,870 per year (~87,000 in twelve and a half years; ~97,000 in fourteen full ears). Reduction compared to the historical average: ≈67.6% ('about seventy percent'). The period)2–2011 was exceptionally lethal (~77,000 per year, including the 2004 Indian Ocean and 2010 Haiti ents); compared with that decade, the subsequent decline reaches ≈91%. Figures include direct and secondary deaths (tsunamis and related effects).

They never knew the light of the Master,
Christ, who rose and redeems us whole,
nor the Holy Trinity, revealed among nobles:
in Joseph, Moses, Noah—and in my soul.

In *Deciphered History* I have written:
Has science so weakened your faith's hold?
Will you abandon the countless outcasts
who stopped believing when they grew?

‘You are of Abraham’s metal,’ she told me.

‘You are of Abraham's metal,’ she told me—
he who, amidst spiritual ruins, dared believe,
to trust in My omnipresence and My wisdom
in an age of cold marble and of calumny.

The silks and jewels of Hindustan,
the loyalty of its warriors,
without celebration, upon the razor's edge,
as the Upanishads enjoined us.

And Job, and the saints, and the poets rejoiced in me,
wandering through a world laid waste,
confident of finding paradise—
yet never in this one, though it too is His kingdom.

My words henceforth shall be fire
for the generations I behold this day:
less fearful than my own,
they shall arise again, illumined.

Among those with whom I grew, I sought only to love,
yet they reproached me for my plainness.
Why do they persist in feigning virtue
which Wilde and Nietzsche long ago unmasked?

Ours is the tree of Eden,
restored for souls made broken.
We shall judge you—infants presiding—
the living and the dead, in Thy restored kingdom.

Mary, Mother of Those Who Suffer

Mary, Mother of Those Who Suffer
it was you who guided me toward your Son
when theologians of liberation
indoctrinated me in Arianism.

At sixteen I wished to be a Jesuit,
and they objected that I did not know life;
to you I entrusted myself, and you granted me
the love of books, my teachers.

It was you who led me to Nevada
when in Delaware I found no work;
there you opened my cine-text at the passage
in which Philip is King of Lusitania.

And Portugal opened its inlets to me;
overcoming bureaucratic barriers,
you secured my work visa
in New York, August of ninety-eight.

I left Philadelphia at seven
and arrived in Newark at nine a.m.
Some twenty applicants stood in line;
in my urgency I skipped their procedures.

An African man rightly reproached me,
but upon seeing me he detected no malice,
only your loving companionship.
'No problem,' he said, moved.

Iave it sealed at the Portuguese Embassy in Manhattan,'
the consul instructed; my plane departed at four.
I hurried at eleven for my car,
which a secret rival had crashed.

And I prayed to you not to lose my journey.
You opened the highways before me,
and, not knowing New York, you led me
to the embassy in the midst of its island.

Then I prayed to you every day;
I found parking on a street
where no one else ever finds it,
and I saw a lady approaching.

I feared, as so many times before, a refusal,
but this lady smiled at me and listened.
'Where is the Portuguese Embassy?'
'Right in the middle of that block,' she replied.

I entered; it was noon, and I was attended immediately.
'How strange that there is no one here today,'
thought the official while sealing my visa.
I left swiftly in search of the Lincoln Tunnel.

I feared traffic congestion,
but the streets became, that Thursday,
miraculously empty in New York.
I entered the tunnel without a single car beside me.

I took uncongested highways;
I accelerated and no officer stopped me.
In Philadelphia it was two-thirty
when I handed my car over to the creditors,
disregarding dishonest temptations.

‘You missed the flight,’ friends chanted,
but in my chest you breathed hope.
I checked in at three-twenty.
‘You’re lucky there’s a delay.’

I boarded the plane and remained in the front row.
The dawn of Paris was shining,
and in ten days I was taking a train to Portugal;
there I studied your apparition in Fátima.

‘The sun rolled before eighty thousand people,’
an elderly atheist confirmed to me,
‘but it was not because of God, but because of UFOs.’
I went to Fátima and knelt in penance.

Without noticing it, my knees bled
for Colombia, for the world, for mankind.
I write it because today a penance
arouses no longer presumption, but superstition.

And one night I saw you disconsolate,
with channels marked upon your face
from so many tears, from so much weeping.
'Why are you sad?' I asked.

'Because no one believes anymore,' you sobbed.
'What can I do?' I asked in anguish.
'Read chapter fifteen of Acts.'
I awoke with my mind illuminated.

'To be Christian it is enough,' conclude
in the Acts of the Apostles, fifteen,
Paul and Peter, 'not to do evil to another
and to cease frequenting brothels.'

My battered beliefs returned:
the garden I so loved and thought lost,
the oasis that sheltered me from the lashings
I endured for ten years in my childhood.

'New Evenings in Manhattan' was written
by a theologian who sought to define God.
And to the land of Shakespeare you led me
that I might walk upon the green of the great Bard.

There I conversed with his philosophers
and explained that atheism too is Christian
if one acts without intrigue and without cruelty.
In the end they asked me to define God.

They published my philosophical commentaries,
forged in studies of several years:
The Crisis of Atheism and, for the encyclopedia
published in Oxford, my 'Definition of God.'

For you I have been honest and sincere;
for you I have endured persecution and mockery,
contempt, family humiliations,
a divorce brought about by bourgeois men.

And when the weariness of the world overwhelmed me,
teaching me worldly pleasures,
to you I implored that you draw me out
from those circular ravines.
And you rescued me; I would see it in dreams,
protecting me in all my steps.
While I write to you, another tempter writes:
'We will destroy you,' and I fear for them.

Who beneath your veil fears threats?
For François Villon already sang it:
'You are the empress of most excellent heavens
and of these, our infernal plains.'

Yours is the destiny of every human being,
yours the care of this world,
yours the birds and the beasts, yours the children,
yours the end of suffering and of the pandemic.

For in your lap God finds consolation,
and it is through you that Jesus and I are already one.
On my forty-third birthday
Issac and Vikram took me to a sacred tree.

‘Here we know that trees are the dwellings
inhabited by goddesses,’ they explained to me,
showing me a noble banyan.
I asked them to photograph me.

In my chest burned the certainty of your presence.
Suddenly Vikram’s face showed fear
at a globe of light that behind me was captured,
drawing the silhouette of a maiden.

‘Do not fear,’ I said upon seeing it, ‘it is our Mother,
who restored my faith in the embrace of Jesus,
the Most Holy Virgin Mary, in infinite love,
with the Child God nestled in her arms.’

By your grace heaven opened new paths,
guiding me to the core of my spiritual journey;
and when I fell you led me to holy places
where I felt your love more and more.

Within my soul your light shone
and dispelled the darkness of despair:
incarnate love, source of every star,
loving Mother who appeases the wrath of Heaven.

To you I dedicate these verses for my Lord,
tribute of one who was always yours,
protector of those who suffer injustices,
Mary, Mother, our sweet intercessor.

Hymn to Your Victory over the World

So many were the offenses:
as an adolescent I portrayed vagabonds,
reluctant to destroy Your harps
among flatterers who claimed to be prophets.

And I never yielded to conspiracies;
ancestors and poets encouraged me
in the immense power of those who imitate You,
hope of the afflicted.

And in my journey all I gained I lost;
my homeland still preserves traces
of intricate failed schemes,
conspiracies that today are dry dust.

From You I learned that the detachment of Buddha
is the most blessed path of life;
without goods or power no one flatters You,
without fame no one wears masks with You.

An exile is, through You, a gateway to new harbors,
new realms, new adventures
that refute nihilistic creeds
that stiffen into capital sins.

‘Why have you not amassed a fortune?’
For the joy of earning myself each day.
‘Why have you not fathered children?’
For loving without conditions between us.

Like many, I loved and was deceived;
I knew passion, coldness and lust;
faithful to Your truth, I revealed weaknesses,
preferring humiliation to sin.

For love I gave everything, even my profession;
I endured its loss, yet trusted in You.
Today I preach: if a love betrays you,
do not suffer too much: a better one will come.

Today those temptations are history;
for those who act rightly, a vain dream,
and Your grace, a mansion of wide terraces
from where we watch the schemers shipwreck.

In reading You, You forged this sand into truth

At ten years old, strumming a guitar,
I won the greatest lottery of my life,
whose prize was the New Testament,
the New Jerusalem Bible.

And since my childhood, You, crucified,
in that embrace that casts all the scorn of the world
into the fire,
forgiveness of the most secret sins.

Or punishment for those who preach
that this world was delivered to evil.
I reveal it: Your cross is damnation or purgation
according to the embers within each heart.

It was in the year of my sister's passing
that there I read: in dying, Your Kingdom awaits
her caresses dwell in me as much as
Your parables, Your Sermon on the Mount.

In reading You, You forged this sand into truth,
revealing to me the intentions of men
from the green flagstones of Scotland
to the burning hills of Nevada.

As a child I dreamed of venerating You at every Mass.
'You do not know the world,' they told me,
and I exhausted one by one its treasures,
unmasking their banality.

In the most ancient kingdoms of Asia
You made of me word-testimony
of the invincibility of love and truth
over selfish, presumptuous philosophies.

I have helped demons of good heart
and prelates of perverse intentions,
and, as a teacher, You preserve me,
correcting their errors as Master.

I Am He to Whom Thou Givest the World

From childhood I knew that for Thee I would die;
I spoke the truth even without knowing it,
and I was generous with those I met,
though they abused my compassion.

Like that supper when I said to my aunt
that those who had lodged within our house
had taken my Christmas gift;
yet I knew not they were among the guests.

I took upon myself the archetype of the martyr apostle,
drawing the scorn of the cunning,
until Thou didst grant me Thy blessings
and I beheld those who reviled me fall or depart.

Without ambition am I he to whom Thou givest the world,
the student who in the corridors of Babel
spake of Schopenhauer, Aristotle, and Kant,
an actor who in Bogotá made the earth his stage.

Thine ambassador sent unto the valley of Delaware
to endure its racism and its intrigues,
suffering them to cut my wings one by one,
as Thou didst forgive the treachery of friends.

He who portrayed the selfishness of Manhattan
and confounded the visionaries of other creeds,
he who endured the Latin American upheaval
and corrected the English theologians.

He who partook in the tragedy that is Colombia
and represented its frontiers in India;
he who joined semiology with cinema,
he in whom the stones rejoice at Thy return.

He whom Thou leadest through abbeys and nations
with films of children and fishermen,
experiences bestowed upon him by every tongue,
who this day honoureth Thee in his eternal life.

Let Our Communion Be Its Climax

At last my questions were exhausted,
and My Lord addressed me in silence.
'There is something I want you to amend', He said.
'So it shall be!', I exclaimed in wonder.

'Correct the ending of your cine-text,
that our communion be its climax'.
I understood He meant the very cine-text
that had given me my post in Portugal.

The story of Lucrecia de León, prophetess
who announced she would become a Popess, then recanted
when she foresaw the murder of Philip of Spain—
a lady who refused to be instrumentalized.

There a maiden is judged and condemned,
yet—O destiny, voice of God!—
she is redeemed before Madrid by the Creator,
loving to those who mend their ways.

My heart accepted without lament
the loss of long hours of study,
translating Seneca from Latin,
Octavia in the gardens of the Escorial.

My ending drew a parallel
between virtuous women of Rome and Castile:
Octavia falls to the cruelty of power,
Lucrecia refutes it through repentance.

Christ's command dispelled the darkness
with which the world scorns death:
tragic for the just of the ancient world,
yet crown and glory in Christ's sacrifice.

Thus the veil of ancient doctrines fell:
Lucrecia, an avatar also of my eternity;
both manifestations of the Risen Christ
in us who have preferred Him to the world.

That same afternoon I worked inspired
by Victoria's Officium Defunctorum,
which I had heard before this epiphany,
a choral chant all Castile shall celebrate.

But those who make their heart Your own

The path shone like a mirror,
a golden wake where men and women
awaited the promises of Your salvation,
once firm, today collapsing.

As a child I was scorned for reading,
spurning athletic trophies;
I attended to the most despised,
avoiding academic prizes.

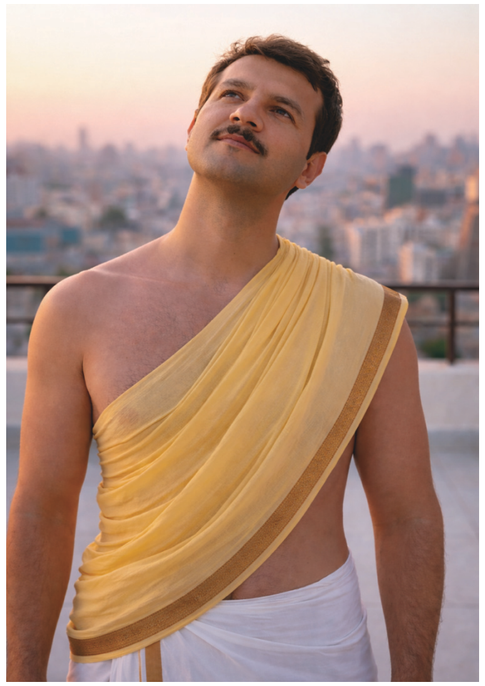
At length teachers praised me
for imitating You beyond the classroom,
for that gift so many disdain:
to recognize God in every creature.

‘What does it profit a man to gain the world,’
You taught us, ‘if he loses his soul?’
And like Joseph I chose You, supreme truth,
to whom I give thanks for the miracle of another day.

But those who make their heart Your own
are the flesh of Your new advent,
from the tawny temples of Barichara
to the floating arches of Córdoba.

‘You shall speak My voice and be heard,
and you shall write the account of the just.
Kings will seek your counsel,
nd you will represent Me in the mysteries of the world.’

The Lusitanian chapels still bear witness,
ruins of an immense effort
to praise You, Savior of the World, Messiah,
who from His Kingdom returns to restore His throne.



And in Our Communion, the House of the Two

For life is a fragile board
of rules that few respect,
sand that underestimates love
where the grass of sorrow germinates.

You live as the knowledge of men,
of their failures and vindications;
in the secrets that reflections weave,
alchemy of forgiveness proclaiming justice.

Oasis and tranquility of the fallen,
who discreetly gives what is needed;
King who straightens the reverses of my life
and with gentle mishaps corrects me.

Who reigns in the lofty alcazars
of an imagination burnished by offenses,
reality no less real than the real,
the Maker who has suffered everything.

Even the despair of the poor in spirit
who receive only vinegar from the world,
lulling their lives into deliriums;
through palaces and slums they wander.

And in our communion, the house of the two,
we shape the Grand Canyon of the spirit:
a space no philosophy can grant,
of one who preserves in his feeling Yours.

Have not conflagrations and tears dried up?

‘For my sake they will pursue you to death,
though I always stand beside you;
bureaucrats deny the paths
of Him who can do all and creates all.

Yet you shall always be heard:
every argument of sarcasm
you will refute, for you are a bard and mediator
between God and men, His prophet.

‘Though You destroy me, I will trust in You,’
I answered Jehovah, imitating Job.
And I will say to them: ‘Why does my faith anger you?
Out of zeal for God, or for deceit and its conspiracy?

Do you accept the one who confines the just to churches
yet reject the one who proclaims Christ?
If you murmur that these are the ravings of a poet,
why do you deny their living beauty?

Do you despise art when it is true?
It is my word that defeats evil,
alive in him who balances heaven and earth,
a scourge for the violent who rule over you.

And behold: has fear and trembling not diminished?
Have not conflagrations and tears dried up?
Have the sick not been healed, or do you still expect
that he raise once more your dead?’

Immortal Order of Melchizedek

For Thy precepts I have risked everything,
and among the righteous bards of this age
I am a lily that springs from the rocks,
standard-bearer of Thy blessings.

Thou hast made this retreat Thy union
between our heart and Thine,
and from our afflictions there blossomed
flowers and fruits that today are books.

In atheism we discerned a new creed,
no longer the denial of Thy presence,
but a threshold where Thy substance
floods the capricious forms of creeds.

I am not the one who venerates Thee most, O Christ,
yet when I write for Thee I speak in joy;
Thy love, a radiant and simple light,
breaks the darkness guarded by philosophies.

Thy cross destroyed the cruelty of Rome;
Thy Church moved queens and lions;
Thy teachings, pillar of history,
live on today in the Rights of Man.

Thus the voice of John proclaimed:
a kingdom without frontiers or dominion,
where no brother boasts
of race, possession, or inheritance.

A kingdom with no churches that condemn,
no laws that divide the hearts of men,
where souls together shall be sustained
under one single Love for all nations.

For in Babel faith lived its dawn,
one single prayer lifted to the heavens,
until the ambition of ancient man
fractured the family into a thousand nations.

Today the stones announce Thy return
and broken tongues gather again;
Thou callest me to form the poets
in the Immortal Order of Melchizedek.

Arcadia reborn from ruins,
a lyceum without frontiers or doctrines
that enslave the student with falsehood:
a knowledge where the human being may flourish.

Beyond the deceptive limits of death
that constrain the soul to nihilism,
they shall not deny life but cultivate it
for their own reborn future.

Arcadia, university of the dawn,
matrix of fraternal eternity,
where mind and soul, limitless,
attain the serene dignity of God.

There I set Aristotle before Kant
measuring the shadow of the concept;
there Schopenhauer, with a universal God,
discovered the Will of Truth.

And Marx assented beside the mystic
that all matter is form of spirit,
while the Logos, matrix and syllogism,
restores what man cannot master.

Joan of Arc lifts her ardent voice,
and Quevedo, with piercing wit,
proclaims that faith is the certainty
that life shall never be annihilated.

There I shall grant the gift of discernment:
to read the living soul of men;
they shall uncover the shadows of the corrupt
when he weaves his secret schemes.

They shall see destiny in every gesture
as one reads a transparent book;
for Thou hast already given us the Book of Sand
upon the turquoise waves of Istanbul.
Not to dominate nor to wound,
but to illuminate understanding
and restore to woman her judgment
between justice and false oaths.

For only works of goodness,
humble deeds the world despises,
preserve Thy flock amid massacres
and turn fierce beasts into gentle cubs.

My voice has never been solitary
in this age of iron and confusion:
it is forged like a sword in burning red
with angels and saints assisting me.

Receive as offering my vigils,
this arduous study I give to Thee,
like the perfume of the woman who was a sinner
who at Thy feet poured all she possessed.

If my solitude were Thine alone
and I walked the world unnoticed,
I would not lament it: O God! To be cast aside
by frivolous applause matters not to me.

Thou hast revealed that these songs
delight immortal souls
who celebrate my role as Thy apostle
in this theatre of all lives.

Profaning the Most Celebrated Logic

You have exalted me before nations,
profaning the most celebrated logic.
At Temple I lost a scholarship, and You gave me two:
I acted, directed, and produced Hamlet Unbound.

In Portugal, a documentary; in Britain,
a play by Shakespeare; in Chennai,
a film; and on Colombian television
our President thanked me for my verses.

For I did not learn from Your servants
fortune, but the faith that expects nothing.
You granted me to calm the climate
and to heal the lineage of the ten lepers.

When I told You that I would write
our encounter in a novel,
You replied it would be in a book of poetry,
a work I have forged with resolve.

Someone asked me whether I suffered
because of my ostracism by the Left,
an ideology which, like Mephistopheles,
offers riches in exchange for souls.

I answered that I lived happily in the certainty
that without congregation or wealth
nothing would ever be lacking to me: heaven,
the cities, and everything You grant me.

Reality Is Barely a Crust

—Tell me, friend —asked the Beloved—: will you have patience if
I double your afflictions?
—Yes —the friend replied—, provided that you double my loves.

Ramón Llull

Only he who recognizes his faults is Christian,
Kierkegaard wrote there in Denmark:
an anguish that in his time was life itself,
today, in your believers, Christ, mere apathy.

Why do you fear pain and injustice
if you live sheltered by supreme love?
The more tribulations reach you,
the greater also shall be your glories,

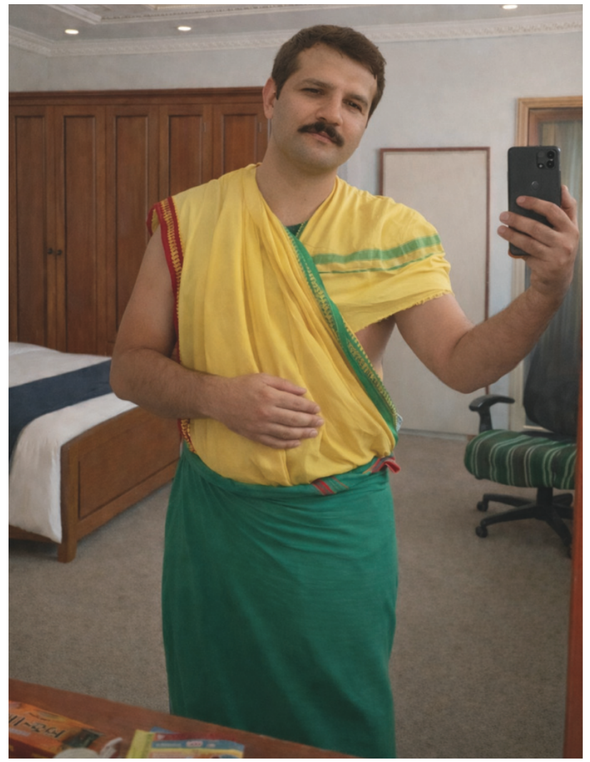
the wise man knows that every tempest ceases,
that every sorrow is a trial
in which, without knowing it, we present
our candidacy to become divine.

‘Tell me, friend —my Beloved asked—,
will you have patience if I double your pain?’
‘Yes —I replied—, if you redouble your love,
for in your sacrifices you forged me.’

Never cease to desire a just world:
reality is barely a crust
left to us by those who once dreamed.
At death, only your intentions remain.

Though they tell you that nothing changes,
your conduct before whoever you meet each day
is your own construction of the cosmos;
for it you shall answer before the dead.

Before the Being who prescribes destinies
grows the increase of your noble thought:
he who in union with all creatures
is nostalgia for the good you so deeply long for.



The Lord’s Anvil Is the Light of Truth

From you and from Tamerlane, prudence:
to endure offenses until in your fury you correct;
and those whom I heard raise false testimony
I saw fall sick with arrogance.

‘The Lord’s anvil is the light of truth’,
a ray that exposes the dangers of power
and denounces the fallacies of spurious knowledge
of those who, insulting God, wish to be God.

You read and preached before congregations
that God was truth, that truth was God,
and yet you hid it so as not to wound the mercenary
who, tempted by poverty, endorses killing.

For before knowledge, intention is discovered:
who gives or hoards the gifts bestowed,
who makes the master judge of the spirit
or who indulges the youthful excesses of the Master.

‘The Lord’s anvil is the light of truth’:
nothing is hidden from the fire of its blow,
either the calculation of the strong nor the mask of the wise
when they pretend to rise above God.

‘There are those who do not deserve to live’, he told me,
a prince condemning a helpless man,
the very one whom his gurus had reviled
and who, when challenging me, declined and went to Hades.

For those who wish evil upon the righteous
wound the Creator who protects His creatures
and lose what they cherish most:
their life, or that of those they love most.

Also the neighbor who swore to strike me
and fell by an incurable infection;
or the one who closed my stages:
his rancor was the cancer that consumed him.

Or the editor who conspired against me
and lost his beloved by his own doing:
for the iron of men is crystal
for Him who writes the plot of the world.

The Clepsydra of the Last Judgment Is Truth

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'

Keats

I was riding with Issac on his motorcycle,
and the rain fell; I called upon your blessings,
and amid a gale to right and left
we rode on dry for three hours.

'You shall have command of the universe,' he told me,
'so that you may carry out all my designs.'
The justice that your rooted desire foretells
since the caress that conceived you.

Before embarking I revered the Word:
that I am nothing when I am myself,
the common observer among all men,
the final Will of those who exist.

'Is it not too much for a man?'
'Because you already glimpsed Our beloved bosom
when, falling innocently from a vehicle,
you returned, moved by compassion for your brothers.

For when you saw so many women suffering
from the sins of your sons you pitied them
and renounced Paradise to redeem them:
a temple that accepted to embody God.

For your truth is the beauty of your age
and your representation a life in Truth,
which I had already proclaimed as Being; yet priests
mbraced cruel hypocrisy, apostatizing from my Church.

Already in my Temple I said it: Truth
matters more than your praises.
But you have preferred cruel hypocrisy,
presuming that he who lies prevails.

Go and show the root of my Gospel:
let them know that transparency is freedom;
the earth protects it with the fury of its lava,
and before it the clouds submit.

Your experiences return today triumphant,
once anguishing, now vindicated.
For the clepsydra of the Last Judgment is Truth
which gathers from each toward the past.

The rest: waiting and survival
among those with whom we also suffer.
Undoing the boundary of what has been lived,
we teach your irrefutable precept.

You Will Expose Those Who Wanted to Hurt You

Amid your tribulations,
those I grant to every man in every life,
you preserve that childlike joy that returns to Me
without heeding the envies you awaken.

And in the end, what will you remember of their pains?
A series of naive attempts to destroy you;
you, who interceded in love despite their intrigues,
you, whose wisdom or inspiration was Mine.

How many times did I place rivals at your feet
so that you might reproach them for their faults?
But you, moved with pity for every condemned one,
assisted them with the love they always denied you.

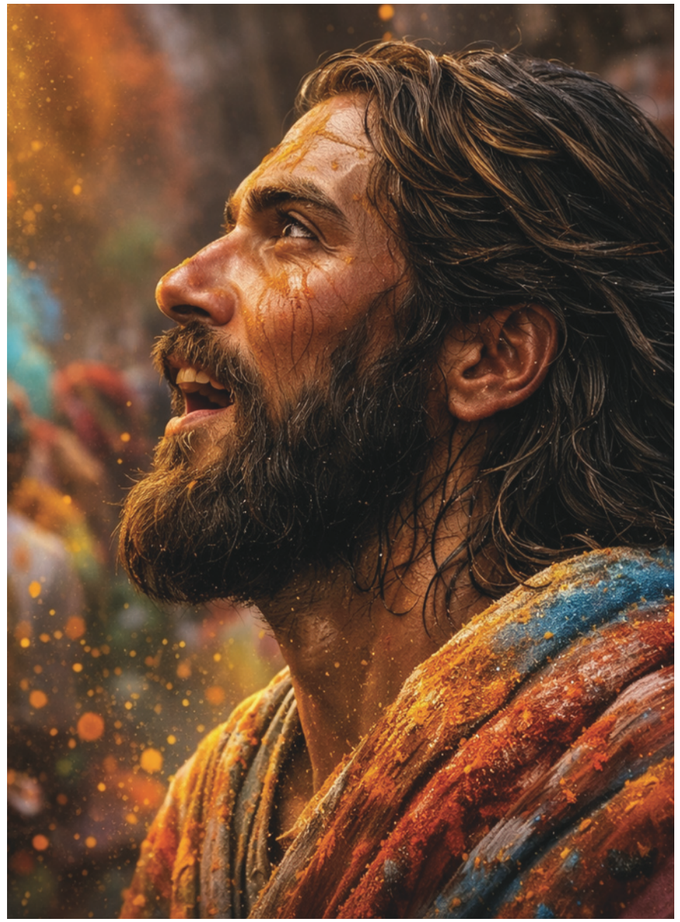
And you did so because My life inspired you:
as I with the centurion, you with the violent;
as I with the rich young man, you with companions
who forgot you in their care for riches.

Like wooden houses swept away by a hurricane,
you will expose those who wished to hurt you,
through your knowledge of the living and the dead,
through the certainty of My resurrection.

You will reveal the intentions of men
and open the purple seal that protects them,
and with My mantle of silver you will turn demons aside,
celebrating the love the spheres profess to Me.

You will heal those who must correct their offenses
and end the suffering of those who already reach Eden,
granting a gentle end to the sick,
for with you attachment to life's illusion ends.

No one shall harm even your shadow
in the ascendancy of the Holy Spirit;
I shall always be with you, for with your life
you sing My glory with all the angels.



Before the Sanhedrin

In my truth I have shown you my life,
and you have scrutinized it, longing
to find a crime, a sentence, a secret;
and you are horrified to discover nothing hidden.

The Sanhedrin has pursued me, and God
has allowed me to hear them; I refute them,
in particular my greatest persecutor:
the abbot of the monastery of Saint Benedict.

He who first comments on my writings;
he who, from a corridor among a hundred monks,
studied me from ten meters away and, as I turned,
surprised in his hatred, fled.

Did you not weave that vain gossip:
‘Had he not the decency to cut his hair
before arriving yesterday at the abbey?’
The next day I went to cut my hair.

Three days ago he said to the Pope of my verses:
‘His visions were caused by hallucinogens,’
and he cited a chapter of I, Petrus Romanus.
‘Such audacity has never been seen,’ he remarked.

The Lord answers him in these lines:
‘Has it not been through your persecution
against those you should most serve
that you utter groundless slanders?

Do you not despise the addict
for whom I drank vinegar on the cross,
and flatter the rich and powerful man
who takes sedatives by whim?

Both suffer the weight of the world,
yet you embrace only the one who pays you.
When I cover him with riches,
will you then accept him with his flock?

For his life has been a long passage
through the infernal circles of the world:
a reporter who praises the goodness
that springs from thorns and deserts.

And if he has offended your
bourgeois morality, now deprived
of the power to torture those who do so,
it was to reveal your sins.

Do you not still stone the adulterous woman?
Do you not hurl Roman darts against Stephen,
my first apostle and my martyr?
Do you not feast lavishly with violent men?

Unlike you, Noël, like Spinoza,
he abandoned the circles of the senses
to raise his being in Truth
and in Love that is his beloved good.

I do not ask you to kneel: listen to him,
for he guides better than you
the united souls of the just,
those who long for me to correct the world.’

He Who Withers Diseases

Beautiful Lord who withers diseases,
Your blood dries the root of evils;
I praise You for Your signs and mercies,
which few perceive in days that You protect.

For the solemn and radiant dawn,
and the unfathomable beauty of the sea;
for that sky which is Your face,
infinite watchtower of destiny.

For the daily beats of life
that sustain my constant being;
and for the gentle and promised shade
of the olives restored from Eden.

There where power condemned You,
assisted by those You loved most;
there the brilliance of Your love destroyed
the logic of hatred and vengeance.

Thus though Manichean filmmakers insist
on teaching us the pleasure of hatred,
Your cross restores the soul's innocence,
Your imminent victory and redemption.

You indicate that Your patience has now prevailed:
two thousand years of warnings
from messengers who immolated themselves
only to become prey to their contempt.

Now the parable of the gifts
unfolds in all its wisdom;
whoever has risked his life
ten times shall receive ten lives,

and those who, fearing to lose it,
hid it in meanness,
taking revenge on the provocateur
without even loving the just,

shall lose it before the angels;
their egos will be only the memory
of titans who defied God
and were enclosed in darkness.

Their intrigues will cease to be believed,
their wicked embezzlements, their lies,
calling thugs the managers of peace,
threatening innocents in the name of love.

Let their demons consume them,
breaking their pacts and spells,
and let Your angels raise their swords,
casting them into the flames of Sheol.

Or send them to the waters of Styx
to begin again the chain of Being.
Beautiful Lord, You who dry diseases
and calm the death-rattles of the earth;

bless the noble consciences,
You who banish the storm.
Armor of the soul that tamed
in Saint Francis the brother wolf.

And thanks for the babies, kings of the world,
hope that never ends;
they are the teachers of their parents,
dawn of Your love that bends the world.

God Also Needs Me

We are all called to be mothers of God,
for God always needs to be born.

Meister Eckhart

Not only do I need God,
God also needs me;
a pilgrim of an anguished lineage
who intercedes for all in Christ.

When faith was being mown down by doubt
I saw Your love and light of wisdom;
and without fear of the world I proclaimed:
Eternal King in Your holy monarchy.

A king with You I was for half an hour,
until I saw the Spirit and the Father questioned;
You then called me to bear witness
before those who thought God defeated.

So many were the souls of purgatory
who, fearing for their descendants,
implored Him to attend to the rich man
who despised poor Lazarus,

archetype of all the hunger of the world,
and to send a man from beyond
to bear witness to eternal life
through the flames of his repentance.

And God, moved to mercy, asked me
whether I would return from my bliss
to recover the souls of the world;
and I, moved with pity, accepted, exalted.

I confess that I have suffered my return
to the uncertainty that is my life:
loneliness, helplessness and anxiety
have been mine since original sin.

For prophets are not mere messengers
of brief wrath and constant forgiveness,
but temples in which God dwells
to mediate between heaven and earth.

Christ loves His creatures so much
that He is born, lives and suffers in the prophets
who despise honors and riches;
He does not favor us more, yet He always protects us.

'We are all called,' says Eckhart,
'to be mothers of God in our lives';
vessels where, when Love declines,
the Word of Christ descends triumphant.

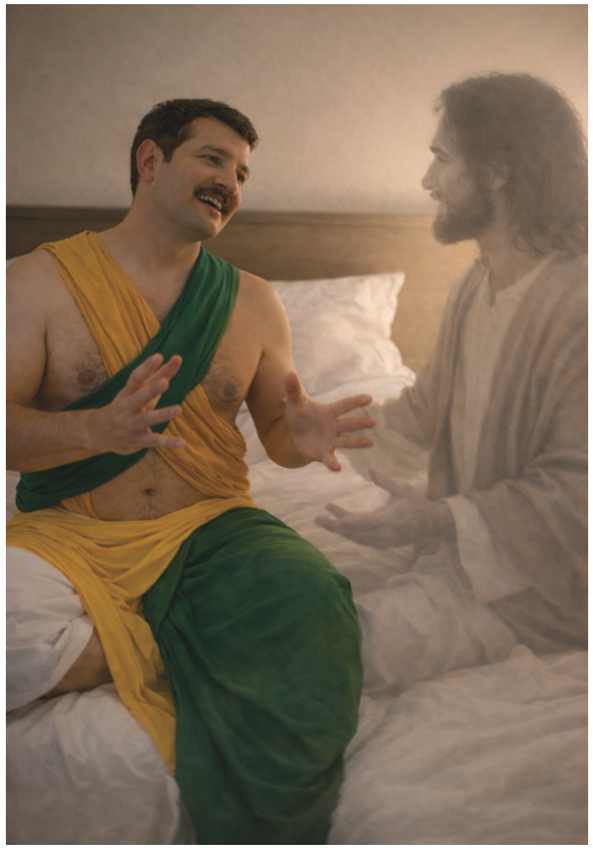
We live an unfinished project,
a work under construction long postponed
which God chooses to begin again with me
after centuries of lethargic faith.

And I show you the faith of one who teaches
the certainty of eternity to the most agnostic;
fire that Kierkegaard sang in Abraham:
a believer who suffers everything without suffering.

You will see it in our serenity
before the five babies conceived
whom God took from Leyla's womb;
a testimony of our joy in Christ.

Thus she and I became one flesh,
faith where our souls converge,
devastating those who already in Job proclaimed
that only with descendants does God bless.

The Mahabharata also celebrates Ganga,
who drowned seven sons in a river;
babies who before being born implored
to be freed from the hesitation of the world.



Giving Love Without Receiving in Return

In the freedom You bestowed on us,
that we too might become Yours,
my arms clung to Your branches
so I would not be the sole witness of this saga.

Without heralds the nations came
to weave their destinies with mine;
and in them I proclaim Your sacred designs,
those of the nuptial covenant in which You anointed me.

To the ends of the world You led me,
to see the sun blaze at Your command;
and the waters of the road we walked
opened as once in the Red Sea.

The willows of Montreal wept
at my departure, lulled by Your breath;
and when I was imprisoned Gaia trembled,
reverent mother guarding Your chosen one.

Thus all Your creation speaks to me,
from droughts that cease at my prayers
to flames that spare the cities;
for Your most forsaken creatures I keep watch.

The deer does not ponder vengeance,
nor does the tiger hunt beyond its need;
the lineage of Your love teaches
that You give the living what they need each day.

You sent me cherubic teachers:
the animals who dwell with us each day;
and we watch over them each day,
the helpless ones who depend on no one else.

So loving parents also sustain
their children bowed beneath suffering,
expecting no reward in return
but the love they give while tending them.

Nor have I been the only witness of this saga;
with me march multitudes who loved You,
even now from the most ancient graves.

Through blessings granted I hear
babies calling to me in a circle,
announcing that through telepathy
they correct their parents and intercede.

And saints grow indignant in heaven;
yesterday Saint Benedict sought my pardon
for the monk who persecuted me,
having himself interceded with his prayers.

Giving love without receiving in return,
You planted flowers that bloom without end
from my heart to all whom I encounter,
a tribute to a world that shuns Your tenderness.

Until one day after our death

In the Role of the Victim of the Unjust
Our vampires and our fairies, like insects;
relatives, friends, beloved ones
accompany our weary days
as angels or demons of life.

Through them we are wounded or we love
with all the swords of the spirit;
in their reflection we fight or tremble,
a fragile mirror of a fashioned destiny.

Ambition, vanity, betrayal, deceit,
shortcuts toward an empty glory
which the agnostic praises in his calculations:
a fish that bites the hook each day.

For all matter is but air,
this feeling and thinking: eternity.
Before blessing your own gains,
love your enemy—do not avoid him.

Love also your friend without fearing
the envy that sometimes follows him;
patience conquers every offense.
'How long' we asked in Montmartre.

'Until one day after our death,
when the universe, in its vast love,
will shine before the supreme Creator.'

Children of God called to become gods,
we grow wings through detachment.
Do not look to false celebrities
who with smiles pretend to be happy;
we are nothing here in these cities,
yet everything in the eternity You forge.

I, an actor improvising this vigil
in the role of the victim of the unjust,
received Your consolation and Your embrace
and a gentle eye that foresees the intentions

of adversaries who foolishly consume,
—behind frivolous smiles of joy—
the drugs that psychiatrists prescribe,
deepening their obvious loneliness.

From troubled homes to old age
they live enslaved by pleasures already spent,
worn down in empty competitions,
avenging offenses that today are dust.

Yet in my constant perseverance
I have seen the eternal light of Your glory,
the wedding of faith and reason fulfilled
through the mediation of Mother Mary,
a gem You honor in love and justice,
a voice guiding the wandering heart.

It was in Her temple on the shores of Montreal
that an old woman asked me for healing.
Her friend relieved a pain of decades
and we fled from jealous sorcerers.

I invited her to Cirque du Soleil and she said:
'Thank you for reviving my youth.'

We saw Prospero command the storm
and forgive the brother who wounded him,
the one who planned his death and shipwreck:
The Tempest, a mirror of Your love.

In This Desert I Make Your Faith My Biography

Astonished I live because of Your immense sacrifice,
and in my solitude I abandon what I was,
and also what I dreamed I would become,
at Your absent feet offering my desire to Yours.

Like every man and woman who is born,
I too suffer the ambitions of passing days;
yet I live better in Your eternal promise,
a balm that dissolves fury and unrest.

Your word is a treasure that everyone sees
and yet few truly enjoy,
intimidated by bankers and scientists,
and by matchmakers whom I refute in my books.

For destiny is Yours, King of Truth,
advocate of those who reach You by speaking,
shield of hearts free from intrigue
and of lives that continue beyond death.

Never did the fame of the media concern me,
nor whether the world honored or despised me;
Your resurrection is the peace of Your beloved;
Your voice the source of all literature.

I have read philosophers devoid of compassion,
and poets who sing of crime;
I have seen politicians promise utopias
and journalists insult Your creation.

I have taught youths who doubted whether to live,
prisoners of beliefs instilled in them,
burdened by not living in wealth;
for their fate I have endured their blows.

Like Eve, like Cain, like Judas and Napoleon,
I too was raised in that false faith
that we were masters of our own destiny,
the hidden source of every egoism and crime.

And I see the elites of the world boast
that the course of history depends on their wealth,
while they rule nations through usury;
disease and betrayal become their coin.

For I have changed the climate in Your name.
In this desert I make Your faith my biography,
beyond religions anchored in the past;
from Saint Peter Claver I learned to love the slave,
and like him I shall set many others free.

I Prefer to See the World as Only a Toy

Victories sprang from Your Word,
and through my primal childhood faith
I prefer to see the world as only a toy:
a vast planet where children play,
facing villains, evading snares,
sleepless nights and sorrows of love.

I prefer to see the world as only a toy,
and ourselves as pieces on a board,
at the mercy of more skillful players,
versed in tricks and influence.
Yet You move mountains and calm the seas;
I have seen men praise You with bonfires.

I prefer to see the world as only a toy
of angels who understand the game
and of men who ignore its rules:
some guided by steadfast will,
others driven by blind deceits.

I have seen serpents yield to Your command,
I have survived the fall of cars,
I have caressed elephants and defeated killers,
for You bless those who remember You.

I prefer to see the world as only a toy
of children who accept the challenge
and who, in their wish to seem adults,
forget the first instructions.

Those who fear death do not intimidate us;
I see them sowing fear among men,
groaning and weeping before their fate,
when it is the road toward nothingness,
a gentle and secret gate to heaven.

I prefer to say that we are the same Being
who forgot Himself in order to be born in you;
who mistakenly longs for his greatness,
and whose greatest relief is to imitate Christ.

The sun itself may die tomorrow,
we may lose a beloved friend,
travelers may fall to illness;
and yet—do you not have this day?

Look at yourself now, secure or fragile,
the living seed of all your joy;
grant blessings without fear
and always ask in your silent hours:
how often should I give You thanks?

Those who leave You for this world,
in a realm of greed and selfishness,
despise imagination and knowledge,
reducing man to a trivial lie.

I prefer to see the world as only a toy,
for I followed Your Word in my childhood faith;
and in that intuition I have lived Your victory,
my steps clinging to Your hand
until my dissolution in You.

I prefer to see the world as only a toy:
pieces that play the same game,
whose length is your life or mine,
until the Great Player puts us away
in His box, awaiting the next game.

Thou Who Walked Beside Me

Thou who walked beside me, thy heart aflame,
amid visions, trials, love, and holy names,
in every verse a soul was born anew:
the Judge, the Friend, the One who saved us.

Ye read of doves, of cities clothed in grace,
of Mary's tears and every sacred place;
ye saw me strive against the dark, rise into light,
kissing the cross and speaking with the power of Love.

I was not chosen for greatness, but called to sing,
to bear the Word, the wound, the crown, the ring.
But ye, O readers, mirrors of the heavens,
were chosen: not mere witnesses, but the path itself.

For fourteen years have passed, and what is written here
is no vain dream, but a continual discourse.
The prophet writeth neither to the past nor to the future,
but unto those who, reading, walk beside him.

In these verses every soul is reflected:
consider thine essence, thy deepest truth.
Thou who didst accompany me through ports and cities
—Frankfurt, Atlanta, Ottawa— wert companion and
breath.

If I offended thee, fear not that I accuse thee,
neither fear to offend thy brethren,
for our intent is steadfast love;
to accuse the shining truth is the work of darkness.

These I wrote, forsaking the gain of the world;
spread them abroad, if my message stirreth your souls.
The Kingdom dawneth within these songs, a marked
path
if within thy heart thou hast known Christ.

We are angels of God, the Creator Himself;
if we love Him fervently, His light shineth in us.
In this clay there is no lie nor intrigue,
nor plot to grow rich or to be adored.

We are brethren in universal love;
bear His name above those who proclaim
that God could not have tarried millions of years
to take flesh in so imperfect a race.

Here is the light of love that gave life unto stones.
Made in the image and for the love of the Creator,
we live the vertigo of an eternal sacrifice,
not for millions, but for trillions and countless ages,
when mankind shall people the infinite planets.

And if they ask thee, 'Who was that Hugo Noël?',
say: 'He imitated Christ, who kept him
that he might write verses correcting philosophies and
creeds
that reduced man unto his bones,
and rekindled the flame Christ left behind
ı an age that had forsaken Him, God, and the Kingdom
of Heaven.'

Chennai, Frankfurt, Atlanta, Ottawa, Montreal, Pittsburgh,
Querétaro, Bogotá, Bucaramanga, Barcelona, Paris, Coveñas,
Sincelejo, 2013–2026

Proof